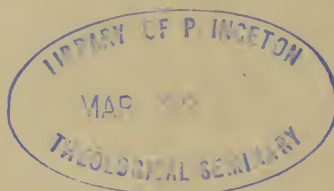


THE CHRONICLE

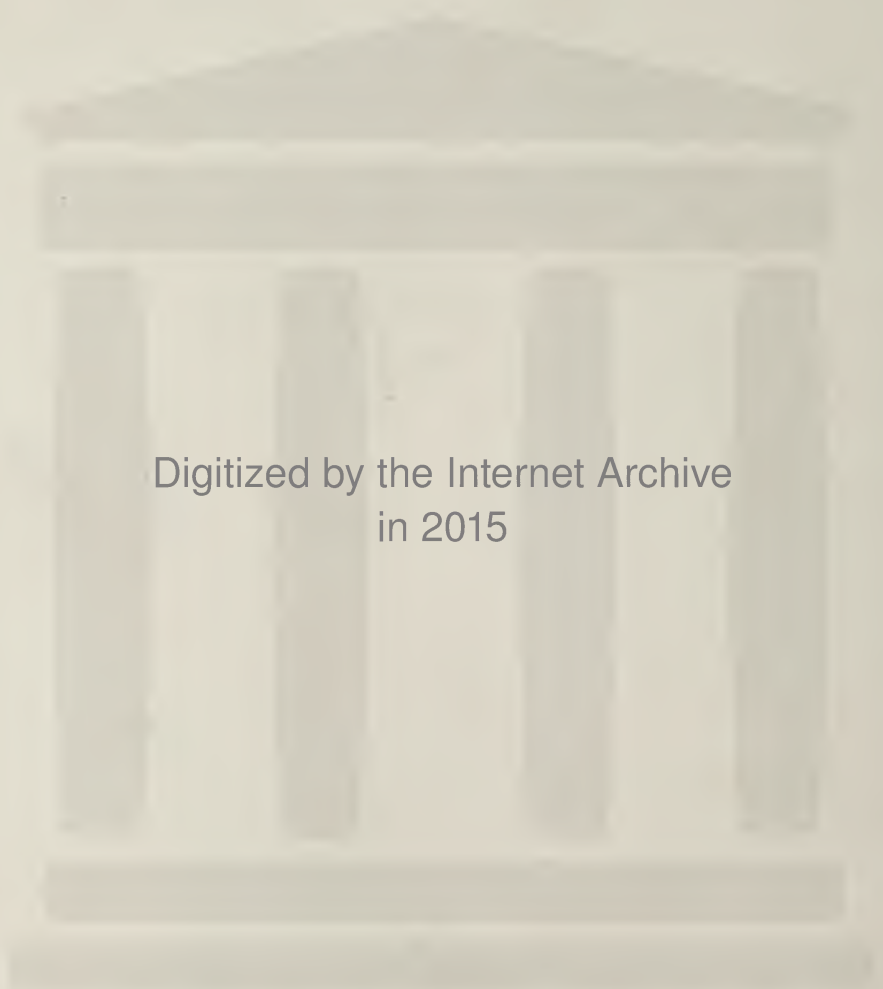
OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1914



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THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society.

Editor : BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

“To Brother all the Souls on Earth”



Photo by]

Open-air preaching in the market at Coimbatore

[W. J. Hatch

I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive ;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth,
And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

“The Everlasting Mercy.”—*John Masefield.*

THE brotherhood of man and the impelling motive of our missions are not, in the last resort, based on the Fatherhood of God. The brotherhood of man lies in
MAY 1914

the fact of his sin—the “red earth” of which we are all children. The motive of our missions comes in the fact of a crucified and risen Christ. It is there that Paul on the road to Damascus, Augustine reading his book, Wesley with his heart “strangely warmed,” Brother Lawrence gazing at the leafless tree, and, to come down to the present issue of this magazine, Chang the Tientsin naval expert, Wang the hospital patient, Ch'en, the ex-Confucianist scholar—and others whose story we shall present later—are all one. Their

brotherhood and their calling to-day are—

I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth.

The varieties of religious experience through which we have come and are coming are infinite. The new birth may



"The entrance of Thy words giveth light"

be as sudden as the break from chrysalis to butterfly, or as gradual as the unfolding

of bud to blossom, and the growth from bloom to fruit. The central reality, the "glory of the lighted mind," is the same.

If this is central and all else is auxiliary, it must follow that to heal and to teach never can be—as they never have been—the central work of the London Missionary Society. Medicine and education may come first in order of time—Forerunners and Messengers. We heal to reveal the Great Physician. We educate to lead minds into the fuller illumination of the Light of the World. On a missionary society in all its activities, as on Paul, the sentence must be "Woe is me if I preach not."

Our founders stated it all over a century ago in the constitution of the Society—that its "fundamental principle" is "to send the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

Stories from India and China—stories of new birth—are presented in this number for the rejoicing of those who, having given prayer and substance and service to the Society, feel the thrill of supreme joy at these seals of God's approval on the work of His Society.

B. M.

Ramalingappa's Testing

THE most striking event of the year is the conversion of a young Lingait farmer named Ramalingappa (says the report from Bellary, S. India). He is the only son of his parents, a widower, fairly well to do, of quiet disposition, of good behaviour, and well spoken of. He had for some time felt drawn to Christianity. At length, because his friends were hurrying on preparations to get him married again, he was faced with the necessity of choosing between becoming a Christian at once or remaining for ever a Lingait.

He chose the former, came to Bellary with the acting pastor of the Church—Adrushayya—and was baptized on Sunday, October 26th. On the Thursday evening following Adrushayya and Ramalingappa walked into their village (Muruvani) fearing no evil. They entered Adrushayya's house, removed their outer garments, and were

washing their faces when Ramalingappa's sister came and called him aside. He followed her out, and from that minute disappeared.

That night he was taken in a bullock-cart by his friends to a village ten miles away, there kept in confinement. This event caused some consternation and much surprise among our people. It seems probable that it was part of a concerted action by the Lingaits to prevent lapses from their caste to Christianity, prompted by the prophecy of one of their gurus (teacher) that in five years' time there will not be a Lingait left in Muruvani. The purpose of Ramalingappa's friends was to intimidate him and make him renounce Christianity and then restore him to caste. This they proposed to do with the help of a certain important guru who happened to be on tour in the neighbourhood. This guru was willing to perform a purification ceremony and restore Ramalingappa if

Caste or Christ?

all the Lingaits within a radius of ten miles would consent to the action. Meanwhile the Christians were anxious to do all they could to encourage Ramalingappa and strengthen his faith.

So the writer of this report went to Muruvani on November 8th, and caused a petition to be sent to the police that Ramalingappa might be produced at the police station for an interview. This was arranged, and on Tuesday morning the 11th we met. Ramalingappa was accompanied by four or five friends, among whom was the Lingait priest of Muruvani, who was the prime mover in the persecution. Ramalingappa was very nervous, and in great fear of his own people. We asked him why he left Adrushayya's house so suddenly on the 30th—even leaving behind clothing and money; was he carried off by force? He replied, his parents had sent for him, and, seeing their distress and hearing they would hang themselves if he did not remain with them, he remained.

After a long conversation in which Ramalingappa wavered between conscience and the fear of his caste, we put the great question to him whether he wished to be a disciple of Christ or to return to Lingaitism. The souls of us all were stirred within us as we

watched the struggle that went on in the poor man's mind, and waited for his answer. At last he looked up pathetically and said he would remain a Lingait.

We assured him that we should always be ready to receive him again, and were sure that sooner or later he would return to us. His people could bind his body, but were unable to bind his soul. So we left him and returned home a sorrowful company. On the way the young schoolmaster of Muruvani remarked that they had had several prayer meetings for Ramalingappa, and twice the previous night had awaked to pray for him; but all their prayers had been in vain.

"No prayers are ever in vain, Sundraraj!" was our reply.

That day the writer returned to ead-quarters. On the 14th a letter was received from Adrushayya saying that on the 12th, the day following the interview, Ramalingappa had escaped from his people and returned to Adrushayya's house, and there was rejoicing among the Christians.

The result of this incident has been to knit the Christians of Muruvani together, and to increase their zeal and faith in the irresistibility of Christianity.



The Financial Situation

THE announcement of the state of the Society's Balance Sheet at the end of the financial year is, we are conscious, awaited with more than usual eagerness. The figures, however, which we are able to give are, (at the time of going to press) incomplete and must be accepted as merely approximate and not authoritative. They are, however, full of great cheer and encouragement, indicating a warmth of heart and reality of sacrifice on the part, not of a few, but of multitudes of supporters throughout our churches. The Society, it will be remembered, began its financial year with an accumulated deficiency of several years' standing, amounting to £70,000, and with the prospect of a further deficiency in the income of the year now closing. The Directors appealed to their constituency for a Special Fund of £100,000 to wipe off the deficiencies and restore the working capital to a healthy condition. They also asked for an in-

crease of £30,000 on the general income of last year. £78,000 has already been promised towards the Special Fund of £100,000, of which £73,000 has actually been paid. The response to the appeal for a largely augmented income has also been responded to by an increase of probably nearly £10,000 on the amount received last year. It is a matter for great congratulation that in a year when some £78,000 has been specially raised the general contributions should have increased—though that increase still leaves the income inadequate to our existing liabilities.

The Directors are very anxious to complete the Special Fund by or before the anniversary meetings of the Society in May in order that the effort to increase the regular income of the Society may be carried forward without interruption. Contributions with that in view will be warmly welcomed and will greatly cheer and stimulate the workers abroad and at home.

Who's Who at the May Meetings

LIST OF MEETINGS

Saturday afternoon, May 9, Children's Demonstration in Westminster Chapel, at 3.30. **Chairman,** Mr. David Williamson. **Speakers,** Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., Rev. E. Pryce Jones, of Papua, and Rev. Bernard Upward, of Hankow. Admittance by programme.

Monday, May 11, in the Board Room. 10 a.m.—Prayer Meeting. **President,** Rev. P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. 11 a.m.—Meeting of the L.M.S. Corporation. 1.30 p.m.—Annual Meeting of Members. **President,** Rev. A. J. Viner, Chairman of the Board.

Tuesday, May 12. 3 p.m.—Meeting on behalf of Women's Work and Medical Missions, Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster. **President,** Miss M. Edwards. **Speakers,** Miss Moore (of Samoa), Dr. Basil Price, Dr. Way Ling New, of China. Tea (by invitation of the Walthamstow Hall Committee) at 4.30; to be followed at 5 p.m. by a

meeting on behalf of the School for the Daughters of Missionaries, Walthamstow Hall, Sevenoaks.

Wednesday, May 13. City Temple. 11 a.m.—Sermon by Rev. Charles Brown, D.D., 2.30 p.m.—Watchers' Band Meeting. **Chairman,** Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D., Principal of Mansfield College. **Speakers,** Mr. F. H. Hawkins, LL.B., Foreign Secretary, L.M.S., Rev. E. H. Clark, of Central Africa, and Miss Horne, of Amoy.

Mission House. 4.30 p.m.—Conversazione. Tickets, 1s. each (apply early).

City Temple. 6.30 p.m.—Public Meeting. **Chairman,** Rt. Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, K.C. **Speakers,** Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, B.A., D.D., Mr. W. H. Somervell, a member of the deputation to India, Rev. W. S. Houghton, a member of the Central Africa and Madagascar deputation, and Rev. E. J. Malpas, B.A., of Shanghai.

DR. WARDLAW THOMPSON retires from office this month after thirty-three years of service. What it has meant to the Society to have Dr. Thompson at the

helm during all that period—with his great gifts of administration, his quite unparalleled knowledge at once of the principles and practice of missionary work, his luminous and forceful public advocacy, his amazing power of adjusting delicate human relationships—was summed up characteristically by Dr. Horton when he said "Dr. Thompson is the L.M.S." This is not the occasion for even beginning to estimate the work of one who is a Prime Minister of world Christian enterprise. His departure (when he announced his intention to resign) was hailed with "consternation almost amounting to dismay," as Dr. Campbell Morgan put it at the time.

Our great leader is the son of a missionary, born in our Indian field at Bellary, whence his father went to be the L.M.S. agent in South Africa. Recalling as he does the days of his boyhood, when Livingstone, Moffatt, Mackenzie, and others were guests in his father's house, the fellow student of Chalmers at Cheshunt, the friend and adviser of missionaries who treasure his letters for inspiration, he bridges the transition from the epoch of the heroic pioneers to the period of scientific occupation of the fields,



Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, D.D.

and blends the qualities of each in his own personality.

Yet, to those whose valued privilege it is to work in the daily camaraderie of the mission house with Dr. Thompson, even the admiration for the qualities that give him such public prominence and influence are swallowed up in a great reverence and a deep love for the man. One of his younger colleagues blurted out the truth at the Conference at Swanwick: "We would black his boots for him, any one of us—if he would let us."

The Right Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline brings to the advocacy of Missions at our



The Rt. Hon. Lord Shaw, P.C.

Annual Meeting, over which he will preside, the authority of a Privy Councillor, the legal acumen of a K.C. and an ex-Lord Advocate for Scotland, the broad experience of one who has given service in both Houses of Parliament, and the scholarship of a distinguished graduate.

Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D. (Chairman Congregational Union) will preside at the Watchers' Band meeting at 2.30 on Wednesday. When he kindly contributed his splendid article on "The Missionary Motive" to the January number of *THE CHRONICLE*, he simply expounded the principle which has ruled his versatile career as lecturer at Oxford and Cambridge, as Minister at Highgate and at Cambridge, as editor, author,

and as Principal of Mansfield College.

Principal Forsyth, who

will preside at the Board Room Prayer Meeting at 10 a.m. on Monday, May 11, has the reputation of giving the same intensity and concentration of thought in preparation for his public leading of devotions as to his sermons and addresses. His writings range from Children's Sermons to Modern Art, and from the most abstruse hinterlands of theology to the ethics of marriage. Dr. Forsyth has, as principal of Hackney College, had the moulding of the minds of a considerable number of the Society's missionaries.



Principal Selbie

Miss Margaret Edwards, who is to preside at the Women's Work and Medical Missions meeting on Tuesday afternoon, belongs to a family well known for its continuous advocacy and support of the missionary enterprise. She is a valued member of the Board of Directors, from Tunbridge Wells.

Rev. Charles Brown, D.D., of Ferme Park Baptist Chapel, Hornsey, who is to preach the Anniversary Sermon, must be known already to a great many of the Society's supporters.

He knows from experience the penury of the field labourer, and the fierce temptations of the business man. His preaching—his Presidency of the Baptist Union, of the Free and Church Council, as well as his literary work, are all marked by the passion for souls.

His ministry reminds men that Christ's claim upon His disciples is imperative and



Principal Forsyth



Photo by]

Haines

Rev. Charles Brown, D.D.

urgent; the daily business of the Christian life.

This note of immediacy is above all needed in the business of the world-wide kingdom.

Rev. A. J. Viner, Chairman of the Board, who presides at the Annual Meeting of members at 1.30 on May 11, has brought keen enthusiasm, business acumen, and clear decision to the arduous duties of a chairman at a time of financial crisis; and has exercised his influence among county unions to strengthen the position of the L.M.S. in the churches.

Mr. David Williamson, who is to preside at the Children's Demonstration at Westminster Chapel on Saturday, May 9, at 3.30, combines a quenchless youthfulness

of spirit with a long and valued experience in the hurly-burly of journalism, on dailies, weeklies, and as editor of *The Windsor*, *The Quiver*, and other monthly magazines. Mr. Williamson's devotion to biography is shown in half-a-dozen lives,

which stand under his authorship, and promise some heroic stories as an element in his speech to the children.

Mr. Way Ling New, L.R.C.P. and M., of the London Hospital, is a grandson of the Chinese

Manse. His grandfather was one of the first ordained pastors of our Shanghai Mission. Dr. New's father was a member of the first batch of students who went from China to America for study, and is now well known as the secretary of the Kiangnan dockyard. Dr. New's mother is one of the deaconesses of our Makachuen Church in Shanghai. One of his sisters is at the present time also studying in England.

The name "Way ling" is the Chinese equivalent of William, and was given to Dr. New by his parents in expression of their admiration for the late Dr. Muirhead of the L.M.S. Shanghai, whose name was William. As a student Dr. New has met with many successes. He was a scholar of St. John's College, Shanghai, later a student in the Medical Department of the same institution, graduating from there in the year 1907, and proceeding to the University of Cambridge. He took his Cambridge degree in 1911, and has since completed his medical course at the London Hospital. Dr. New is a harbinger of the educated Christian-Chinese, who are likely to render good and great service to the cause of the Christian Gospel in China. Whilst in England he has been intimately associated with the Chinese Students' Christian Union, and he is hoping to return to China in the early autumn in order to join Dr. Davenport at the Shan-



Miss E. Moore of Samoa



Mr. David Williamson



Mr. W. H. Somervell.



Rev. E. H. Clark

tung Road Hospital under the medical direction of the L.M.S.

The Rev. Ch'eng Ching Yi, who is in England for a complete rest owing to over-strain, will appear on the platform at the Children's Demonstration in Westminster Chapel. Mr.

Ch'eng is at once a scholar and orator, with a perfect command of English, a pastor, and a leader of men. His speeches at the World Conference at Edinburgh so strongly impressed the assembly that he was elected to represent China on the Continuation Committee. Delightful portraits of his two children appear in *News from Afar*.

Miss Horne, who is at once a native of and a church member at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, served the Society in Amoy from 1893, going out specially for women's work. Removing from Amoy proper to Hweianhsien, between Amoy and Foochow, she has now seven Biblewomen in the villages, and schools with an increasing number of scholars, largely from Christian homes.

Miss Moore is a native of Birmingham, and a member of the Edgbaston Congregational Church. She joined the Samoan Mission in 1891, and has for twenty-two years rendered valuable service in the higher education of Samoan girls, first at Papauta, on the Island of Upolu, and, since 1900, at Atauloma, on the Island of Tutuila. Many of her old pupils are now themselves doing missionary work in Papua.



Rev. Bernard Upward

Members of the deputations from Central Africa, Madagascar, and India, the Rev. W. S.

Houghton, Mr. W. H. Somervell, and Mr. F. H. Hawkins are speaking. **THE CHRONICLE** has already given particulars of their tours.

Rev. E. H. Clark, of Central Africa, who is speaking at the Watchers' Band meeting, is a native of

Walthamstow and was trained at Cheshunt College. He went out to Central Africa eleven years ago.

Mr. Clark's work at Niamkolo, on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, was removed to Kafukula owing to the Sleeping Sickness. Mr. Clark is one of the many missionaries of our Society who have been the first to translate into the language of their people the Gospel which it is their central aim to preach.

Rev. Bernard Upward of Hankow, who is speaking at the Children's Demonstration, has had, at the Griffith John College, an intimate knowledge of the Chinese boy, while he has clearly shown that he knows how to fascinate the British boy by his new book published through the Society, *The Adventures of a Bullet*.* Mr. Upward also wrote the *Sons of Han*, which is published through the Society.

A native of the Isle of Wight, Mr. Upward went to China in connection with the China Inland Mission in 1897. Since 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Upward have served the Society at Hankow, where they went through the great Red Cross experiences of relief work in the very heart of the conflict of the Chinese Revolution.

The Rev. E. Pryce Jones, who is a native of Aberdare,

* 1s. net, 1s. 3d. post free.



Rev. E. Pryce Jones



Rev. W. Cutting

studied at Hackney College, and attached himself, while in London, to Park Chapel, Camden Town. In 1893 he joined the Madagascar Mission and laboured for five years at Farafangana, in the Betsileo country, until the station was handed over to the Norwegian Mission. In 1899, after a visit to England, he was transferred to the Papuan Mission, and has worked for fourteen years at Moru (Jokea), a district described as "large and of undefined area." Under Mr. Jones' zealous leadership the work has gone steadily forward, and the Papuans under his care are beginning to realise the benefit of the education and civilisation which the mission is able to impart. To his medical attainments Mr. Jones has added that of Bible translator, and has brought home portions of the Scriptures to be published in the native language by the British and Foreign Bible Society.



Rev. E. J. Malpas, B.A.

The Rev. W. Cutting bears among other honours the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal, presented by the Government for services rendered in the cause of Education and in the work of Co-operative Credit Societies in North India.

Mr. Cutting, who is a Yorkshireman by birth, was trained at Cheshunt College, and held the pastorate of Queen's Walk, Nottingham. He left England under the L.M.S. for Benares for higher educational work over twenty years ago, and no testimony could be higher than that suggested by the award of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal.

Rev. E. J. Malpas, B.A., dates his church membership from Chingford, of which church he was pastor for three years after coming from Cheshunt. He went out to Shanghai eight years ago. He is now at the head of the Medhurst College, Shanghai.

REDUCED RAIL FARES

Members of the Society's Constituency, who desire to represent their churches at the annual or other meetings of the L.M.S. in the week, can obtain vouchers entitling them to railway tickets at reduced fares on application to the Organising Secretary.

Homes for Missionaries on Furlough

A COMMITTEE of which little is heard either at Board Meetings or elsewhere, but which is nevertheless doing specially good work, is that which has charge of the "Home" for missionaries on furlough, providing accommodation for those of our missionaries who, on their return to England, are not in the position of finding houses available for their furlough residence. To rent at the ordinary cost a furnished house is entirely beyond the means of our missionaries, and the renting of rooms is a most unsatisfactory and uncomfortable way of solving the problem of missionaries who desire to reunite the long separated family whilst they are here on furlough. These homes, therefore, are kept furnished and rented to the missionaries so far as they are available at a cost which is below cost when the expense of keeping the furni-

ture of the house in condition, and the houses themselves in repair, is taken into account.

Apart from the subscriptions which come to the committee occasionally from friends who are interested in this work, the houses have no other sources of income than the rent which is charged for their occupation. *Mr. H. C. Martyn Wilkins*, who is the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Homes Committee, would be grateful to know that there are friends in the constituency of the Society who might be glad to help forward the work which is being done in this connection. A very interesting and well-illustrated booklet has been issued on behalf of the Committee and will be sent by Mr. Wilkins, or from the Mission House, to any one who desires to gain further information concerning this piece of missionary service.

The Work of the Spirit

Tsangchow,
N. China

IT is just ten years (writes the Rev. Arnold Bryson, of Tsangchow, in his report and news-letter for 1913, from which the following extracts have been taken) since I realised the ambition of my boyhood, and returned as a missionary to the land of my birth. As I try to review the events of 1913, I find myself unconsciously travelling back in memory over the whole decade, and comparing the outlook of 1903 with that of to-day.

I secured the help of Mr. Chang, a young Chinese man of high standing, to lecture at Tsangchow. We had crowded audiences nightly (Mr. Bryson continues) in the street preaching chapel. So much so that an enlargement of premises was necessary, and even then the accommodation was taxed to the utmost. One night the audience was so tightly packed that on leaving early I found it impossible to reach the regular exit, and was obliged to climb a wall at the back of the premises, and make for the street through a neighbouring shop!

But the climax of Mr. Chang's visit and work in the city was his personal testimony at the final meeting on Sunday morning. He had intended to speak solely to Christians at our usual service, but so great had been the interest aroused by his addresses, that we decided, if possible, to hold our Sunday worship in the City Examination Hall, and invite to it all who wished to hear Mr. Chang conduct a Christian service, and speak directly on the Christian faith. Permission was readily granted to us to continue in the public premises, and although the audience was not so large as on the previous day, a considerable number of leading men in the city, as well as boys from the Government Middle School, augmented by our regular congregation, assembled to listen to the most telling Christian address I have ever heard in Chinese.

A Glowing Apologia

Mr. Chang plunged into a glowing apologia for the faith by which he lived, and in which he had found complete satisfaction. He told of his career as a student in the Naval College at Tientsin, of his vain speculations on life, death, and the hereafter, in the midst of his scholastic successes, of a desperate experience he passed through mentally during the illness of his father, and the long tortuous ways by which he was led out of materialism and utter despair,

into the radiant dawn of a new outlook, into the hope, knowledge, and liberty that are revealed in Jesus Christ. I shall not easily forget the strained silence and eager attention of that remarkable audience, as they listened to this self-revelation. Here was a man, one of themselves, a Confucian scholar, of patrician birth and official standing, paying his tribute, and avowing his enthusiastic allegiance to the crucified Christ. "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean!" one thought as he finished and the gathering dispersed. Who shall estimate the influence of that day's witness in the hearts of scores of impressionable men?

Wang, the Hospital Convert

There is a man named Wang, in Tsangchow City (Mr. Bryson continues), who lately left the Hospital minus a leg—the most glorious case of sound conversion I have seen for many a year. A bright young fellow of twenty-three, of good family, connected with several well-to-do folk in City, he was brought to the hospital in a pitiable condition, suffering from gangrene. He had been under treatment before, but had been told that nothing short of amputation of the affected limb would save his life. With that innate dread of the loss of a member, involving disability not only in this life, but in the next, his parents had resolutely vetoed the operation, in spite of their son's persistent appeals. At last, when disease had reduced him to a helpless and hopeless condition, the parents relented, and the patient was carried back to the hospital—to die, thought all his relations and friends. He was too far gone, they said, for human aid.

The doctors operated at once, and in the providence of God young Wang's life was spared. His recovery was rapid, and the astonished relatives could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the glow of returning health and vigour in his cheeks, instead of the sunken eyes and wasted frame of six weeks before.

"Some said 'This is he'; others said, 'He is like him,' but he said, 'I am he.'"

"A New, Strange Voice"

The similarity to the Gospel story was still more complete, for during the weeks of convalescence another and deeper change had come over him, and he had given his heart to Christ. I shall always remember

the first time I heard him pray in public. It was at a week-night service, and I had been speaking of my impressions of the survey just completed with Mr. Clark, of the great populous centres within our reach, where the name of Christ had not been named, of the "white fields," and the dearth of harvesters. A few prayers were called for, and in the silence a new and strange voice was lifted. There was a passion and tremulous yearning about the petition, a compassion for the world's sin and sorrow, and the need of hungry hearts, that strangely thrilled me. And these are characteristics of the man. He has a consciousness of sin, rare in a Chinese, a love for prayer and Bible study, and a zest for witnessing that must find an outlet. With his wooden leg, he challenges attention wherever he goes. For the past month with a kinsman, the blind Hospital Evangelist, familiarly known as "the rooster," young Wang has preached daily in the crowded fair held in the courtyards of the Temple of the City moat god. Not only in public, but in private, he has boldly proclaimed his faith in Christ. An aunt has already become an inquirer, and several members of the family attend Christian worship. He wishes to devote his life to preaching.



Notes on New Books

The Three-fold Cord. By R. F. Horton. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. 32 pp. 2 oz. (L.M.S. 3d. net; 4d. post free. Paper covers.)

The Carey lecture V.: The three-fold cord consists of the three arguments on which the missionary duty depends—The Word, the World, and the Work.

In Far New Guinea. By Henry Newton. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 300 pp. 32 oz. (Seeley Service & Co. 16s. net.)

A record of work amongst the Wedaun people of New Guinea, with a description of their manners, customs and religions, etc., by a member of the Anglican Mission. 47 illustrations and a map.

The Ways of the South Sea Savage. By Robert W. Williamson. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 308 pp. 31 oz. (Seeley Service & Co. 16s. net.)

A record of travel among the savages of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea. 43 illustrations and map.

Mr. Ch'ên, the Scholar

I think of another man (continues Mr. Bryson), quiet, refined, reticent, a scholar of the old school to his finger-tips (this can be taken literally in China!) in one of our new stations to the West. Mr. Ch'ên is the leader of a little band of believers in the village of Shih wu chi (Sh' woo gee). He knows what "the reproach of the Cross" means, and for some time has patiently endured the scorn of his old Confucian associates, whom he seeks to win to the Faith. So keen a student is he of the Bible, that already he has read it through twice from cover to cover. His eagerness for new light is touching, and he accepts with avidity all the help he can get. A visit from Mr. Pao, the district superintendent, or myself, is always a welcome opportunity for more questionings, and it is great to see the humility and zest of this erstwhile proud scholar, turning from the wisdom of China's sage to search the Christian Scriptures, and finding satisfaction in the knowledge of God revealed in the face of Jesus. It is such trophies of the Redeemer's Love as Ch'ên the scholar, and Wang the hospital convert, that fire the hearts of all workers with new enthusiasm, and kindle the passion for souls in many lives.

The Land of Open Doors. By J. B. Bickersteth. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 266 pp. 25 oz. Illustrated. (Wells Gardner. 7s. 6d. net.)

The writer is a layman on the staff of the Archbishop's mission at Edmonton, Canada. The book is based upon a series of letters from the Canadian West. In the Foreword, Earl Grey justly writes of them that they reveal "with the vividness of a cinematograph the privations, sufferings, tragedies, and comedies inseparable from the lives of those whose adventurous spirit has led them to undertake the initial spadework upon the foundation of a future civilisation.

Tourist Directory of Christian Work. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. 128 pp. 7 oz. (L.M.S. 1s. net. 1s. 2d. post free.)

This is a directory of Christian work in the chief cities of the Far East, India, and Egypt. It is prepared by a committee of Americans, and is specially intended for travellers in the East who frequently pass through the great centres of non-Christian lands without having their attention directed to the missionary work being conducted there. Valuable chapters from Brown's "The Why and How of Foreign Missions" are included. These will provide the tourist with answers to most of the critics of missions whom he will meet on the steamer.

Through the Hurricane

By G. H. Eastman,
of Rarotonga

Rev. G. H. Eastman was one of last year's recruits. He was a member of Maidenhead Congregational Church, and sailed to Rarotonga on August 28, 1913

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.—PSALM xciii. 3, 4.

“WAVES mountains high!” I have read about them, but not until the other day had I seen them. I have seen the North Sea playful, and I know what “dirty weather” up in the Hebrides can be. On the way out to New York we met Atlantic billows that made even the big *Oceanic* roll; and some of us thought the Pacific Ocean

or to expect any boat to come out from the shore. To make matters worse, the barometer was very low and falling alarmingly, while the sky gave every indication of the approach of a bad squall or worse. So there was nothing for it but closely to reef the sails, and run before the storm, making for the open sea, a safer place for a little sailing ship than the proximity of dangerous reefs.



Photo by]

The Schooner "Toafa Haamia" leaving Rarotonga Harbour on January 8 (G. H. Eastman

The boat is an old one which has been twice sold as secondhand by previous owners. The distant ship is seen aground on the reef. She broke to fragments in the hurricane.

misnamed as we came south across the line on the way from 'Frisco to Rarotonga. But it was reserved for me to see "the real thing" from the deck of a little 50-ton copra schooner fighting for her life in the worst hurricane known in these islands since 1864.

On January 8, 1914, I went on board the little schooner *Toafa Haamia* to sail to Aitutaki, one of our islands 140 miles to the north. There was a stiff breeze and a strong sea running which played with the little boat like a cork. But the wind was favourable, and next day we came up to Aitutaki.

To get in sight of the island was one thing: to get ashore was another. A big sea was breaking on the reef, and it was obviously impossible to launch the ship's little boat,

So run we did all that afternoon, with the glass falling and the weather getting worse every hour. The huge seas running behind us threatened to swamp the little vessel any minute. Had one of them come upon us it must have carried us onward and downward in its resistless embrace. But the good little ship rose to them, and they passed under her, flinging her stern high into the air. The sailors worked incessantly, battening down the hatches, covering the skylights with boards and tarpaulins, securing all deck fittings, etc., and making everything secure for a dirty night. By six o'clock it became evident that our only hope lay in turning the ship about, and heaving-to against the wind and sea. A dangerous proceeding this, with so small

a vessel and so big a sea ! But by skilful seamanship it was safely accomplished, and we lay plunging head on to the great billows.

Hardly were we round before the hurricane—the real thing (!)—caught us. Down came the wind like a legion of shrieking furies, lashing the sea into a foaming whirlpool, heeling the little vessel over till it seemed as if she could never right herself again. That was the *beginning* of it !

In the Tropics twilight is short at the best of times. Under such conditions darkness came upon us like a cloud. Everything was done that could be done for the safety of the little vessel, her passengers, and crew. With the exception of the Colonial skipper, I was the only white on board. All the others were Maoris. Women, children, sick men, together with the captain (when not on deck), his wife and family, and your missionary, were all huddled together down in the one stuffy little cabin, with every opening closed to keep out the sea. On deck, the native sailors, stripped save for a loin cloth, worked heroically, some manning the pumps, for the little ship was leaking badly, others fastening together all available spars and timber to form a sea anchor, putting out oilbags round the vessel's sides to lessen the impact of the waves, and quadrupling the lashings of the boat. Meanwhile the hurricane increased in violence ; the seas assumed fearsome proportions ; the little boat shipped tons of water as she plunged among the mighty billows. The sailors, waist deep in water, and often swept off their feet, sought to keep the pumps going. The deck cargo came loose, and all was swept overboard. To stand by the wheel was impossible, so the tiller was firmly lashed with ropes to keep the rudder amidships.

Eight o'clock, nine, ten, came, and worse grew the storm. Down in the little cabin we anxiously watched the barometer falling, falling, falling. From time to time the skipper went on deck, a fine stream of water pouring down into the little cabin as he did so, drenching us below. The ordinary South Seas hurricane is over in three or four hours ; this lasted eight or nine.

Higher and higher rose the seas, the monstrous waves, more than half the height of the masts, swooped down on the poor little vessel, heeling her right over, threatening to engulf her completely. In a wonderful way she managed to climb the walls of water, burying her lee side deep under the sea, and then with tremendous efforts lifting herself and shaking herself free from the tons of water that washed across her decks. One huge sea broke the new strong lashings of a tank containing hundreds of gallons of fresh water, and hurled it over the side.

The sea anchor was swept away, the stout hawsers snapping like thread. A kedge anchor was put out, but even the iron chain could not stand the strain, and that also went. Ultimately the ship's big anchor with 40 fathoms of chain was let out from the bows to steady the ship. Several times the sailors working at the pumps were washed off their feet and had to clutch at rigging or stays to prevent themselves from being washed overboard. Both pump handles went, but a piece of iron was found to keep one pump going. One man swept from his hold by a terrific sea was clutched by a comrade just as he was being carried over the rail. Then the sailors cut away the bulwarks with axes to let the water get away more quickly. So we wallowed, semi-submerged, labouring to the crest of mountainous billows, and then plunging headlong into the giddy abyss beyond. The rain came down in torrents, stinging like a whip, lashed by the furious wind. So fierce was the hurricane that it was almost impossible to breathe on deck. Now and again the moon would peep fitfully through a rift in the clouds, lighting up the black howling void, and revealing a whirling waste of waters.

Midnight came and found us in sorry plight, the oil for the oil bags utterly spent—coconut oil, machine oil, paint oil, all used up—the sea anchors swept away, the water gaining in the hold, the crew wearied by their protracted exertions, the captain almost despairing of saving the vessel, the women giving way to terror, the children wailing, and worst of all, that awful tell-tale barometer falling, still falling, 30°, 29°70, 29°50, 29°20, 29°0, 28°80, 28°60 ; would it never stop ?

To make matters worse, the hurricane, contrary to all established laws, suddenly veered round to an unexpected quarter. To turn the ship about was utterly impossible. Then huge seas began to break against and over the vessel's counter, making her shiver from stem to stern, heeling her over on her beam ends, burying her under terrific rushes of water. Several times the human and other contents of the little cabin were hurled to one side among the debris and water on the cabin floor, piled in struggling, helpless confusion. Lamps were shattered, and in spite of my repeated efforts, we were again and again plunged in Stygian darkness.

But out of that darkness went up strong cries to Heaven's throne, the wail of a mother for her children, the silent petition of a strong man for his loved ones. Nor did we forget to pray for those on the islands who might be sharing the perils of that awful night. And to one at least in that little cabin was fulfilled the promise, "When thou passest

through the waters, I will be with thee." Outward darkness could not quench inward light, nor outward commotion dispel inward calm in the Presence of Him who, on Genesaret's Lake, once proved His lordship of the sea.

By 1 a.m. the hurricane had reached its height, but for some time continued its dire assaults upon the little ship before it showed signs of abating. At 2.30 a.m. we came to the conclusion that the barometer had reached its lowest, and was on the point of turning. By 3.30 a.m. it had risen a point or two, and the hurricane appeared to have spent its force. At 5 a.m. day began to dawn. I climbed the slippery little ladder—an acrobatic feat—and put my head out to view the scene. Beneath the wild grey sky the great waves, like moving hills, came rolling over the watery plain. Now borne aloft as on a Titan's palm, now hurled with dizzy sickening roll down the sloping walls of a watery chasm, her decks awash, the pumps going almost constantly, the little ship still survived. But with daylight and the abatement of the hurricane, hope revived, and our hearts breathed a thankful though timorous prayer to God.

At noon, after long abstinence, we managed to get a few ship's biscuits, and some cold water from the remaining tank. All the firewood and the contents of the cook's galley had been washed overboard, and it was impossible to open the hatch because it was under water most of the time. About midday the wheel was unlashed in the hope that it might be possible to improve the lay of the vessel. But to our dismay, we found the tiller smashed. It and the wheel had to be removed, leaving the rudder lashing about in the tremendous seas. With great exertions the rudder head was made fairly secure with ropes; and so throughout that day and night we lay at the mercy of the waves. The tired crew, aided by the jaded passengers, toiled intermittently at the pumps. Night brought a return of mental gloom. We seemed to have escaped one fate, but to be reserved for another. Still there

was hope that with an abatement of the sea it might be possible to reach some land by steering with the sails.

On Sunday morning the whole ship's company and passengers gathered on the deck round the lashed remains of the tiller, which required the constant attention of two or three men, and there we held a little thanksgiving service. We were a strange and weatherworn little company: the bluff old Colonial skipper, his half-caste wife, the native crew and passengers, men, women, and children in motley array, and in the midst a very unmissionary-looking figure in shirt and trousers, with a beard of four days' growth, and face inflamed by exposure to wind and sun. There, under the storm-swept sky, clutching to rails and stays on the



Photo by]

[G. H. Eastman

The Wrecked Mission House at Arutanga, Aitutaki, after the Hurricane

rocking deck, now lifted high above the watery waste, and anon plunging between grey moving walls that almost shut out the sky—we lifted up our hearts and voices to the God of Heaven, the Ruler of sea and land, the Merciful Father who had heard and answered our cry. I read a passage of Scripture in Maori, and another in English, the natives sang some of their Maori hymns, an old church member prayed, and after a few halting words in an unfamiliar tongue, I closed with a prayer in English.

Later in the day the sailors managed to bore a hole in the rudder head, and so we contrived to fix up a rough steering gear with our only remaining iron bar, and ropes and pulleys. The iron bar bent, the rudder began to break up, but with true nautical resource these difficulties were dealt with, and before sunset we were able to put the ship about and steer for where we believed

the land to be. But the strong currents and our faulty steering gear played tricks with us, so that the observations next day put us in quite an unexpected region far to the east of Aitutaki. On Sunday we passed through much floating wreckage, branches of trees, green coconuts etc., showing that the hurricane had taken its toll of Aitutaki or of the Hervey Islands, from which we surmised the wreckage came. Their distance from land proved the force of the currents. By no means the least trying of our experiences were these days that followed the hurricane. Heavy seas were still running, the ship was leaking badly, we were uncertain of our whereabouts, except that we knew we were far out of the path of other vessels, and were drifting amid seas dangerous for their low islands and sunken reefs. On Monday afternoon we rummaged out a jar of Bovril. We had had nothing hot for days, so the cook broke up the ship's lockers for firewood, and we revelled in hot Bovril. That put new life into us, and we began to feel more cheerful.

At noon on Tuesday, as I was assisting the skipper to take observations, the welcome cry came from the mast head, "Land ho!" In another hour or two we sighted the island of our search, from the deck. Before sunset we turned the northern reef of Aitutaki, and came abreast of the settlement. Hoisting a red ensign halfmast and reversed as a signal of distress, we waited for the boats. Though there was still a heavy sea, four boats came out, manned by picked crews. Every one on the island had entirely given us up for lost. They could not think it possible that the little *Toafa* in her old age could have survived such a night, and they were amazed to see her. The natives, astonished to find one of their missionaries on board, roundly declared that to be the explanation of the vessel's safety!! Then they told us of their experiences on land. *The hurricane had devastated the island.* Scarcely a house remained. In three settlements not a house was left undamaged. In the other settlement only a

few strong buildings had survived that night.

As dusk was approaching, I bade farewell to the plucky skipper and his brave Maori lads, and went ashore in the Government boat. A scene of desolation awaited us. Houses lay in ruins, while trees large and small lay piled across the roadways just as they had fallen on the night of the hurricane. I found the mission house, so long the home of Rev. Henry Royle, and afterwards occupied by Rev. W. N. Lawrence (now of Port Moresby), wrecked. The bare walls remained standing, but roof, verandas, windows, had been scattered about the mission compound amid the wreckage of fallen trees. A small building, formerly occupied by students, remained standing, and in that

I made my headquarters with the native pastor and his wife and household.

I found the mission property had sustained severe damage in the hurricane. At Vaipae and at Tautu the churches, schools, and mission houses were completely wrecked. At



Photo by

Interior of the Church at Vaipae, Aitutaki, after the Hurricane

[G. H. Eastman

the chief village, Arutanga, the mission house and schoolhouse were unroofed and otherwise damaged. The big church, recently renovated, was in comparison but slightly damaged. The porches were wrecked and one end of the building was unroofed. But at the daybreak service on the day following my arrival, I encouraged the people to commence the needful repairs at once, so as to avoid further damage from bad weather. They set to work with a will; and before the end of the week the principal repairs were completed, the materials alone costing some £25.

The next thing was to provide some shelters for the homeless families. Many built small huts of native material, others gathered the wrecked timber and iron from the roofs of their houses, and constructed lean-to verandas against the remaining walls. Some few with larger resources set to work to repair their unroofed dwellings. Within three days I had visited every part

of the island, condoling with the people on their losses, encouraging them to commence rebuilding, and inviting the whole island to come together for a united thanksgiving service in the large church at Arutanga, the only building available for such purpose.

There was great reason to be thankful to God, for in spite of all the dangers of that hurricane night, not a single life had been lost. Some few people were cut by the flying iron of the roofs, and others were injured by falling houses or trees, but few seriously. There were many tales of wonderful escapes. One man spent the whole night in the sea. He was out in his canoe on the lagoon, when the hurricane came upon him, smashed his canoe, and threw him into the sea. He had with him a stout rope; and, being a powerful swimmer, he managed to reach a rock in the lagoon, to which he made fast one end of the rope, tying the other round his body. He had no hope of living through the night, but thought his friends would discover his body and give it decent burial. However, he survived the night, and next morning was rescued in a pitiable condition. On being brought ashore, he revived; and in a few days appeared none the worse for his terrible experience.

Others, however, were not so fortunate. The exposure and privation on the night of the hurricane, and afterwards, led to a widespread crop of colds, coughs, rheumatism, etc.; with many more serious cases of pleurisy, pneumonia, acute rheumatism, fever, etc.

It became known that the missionary knew something about medicine, with the result that in a few days my hands were full, and until the end of my stay in the island I was kept busy attending to the sick people. The roofs all being blown down, the water tanks were soon empty, and the people had to use water from impure sources. Then, too, the hurricane had blown down many thousands of coconuts, which lay in the hot sun, the coconut water inside fermenting. The people foolishly drank this, with the result that we had an epidemic of cholera and dysentery of a mild form. Fortunately I had with me my case of surgical instruments and some tabloid medicines. With these and with the medicines in the Government dispensary, I was able to do a good deal. But before many days I ran right out of some of the most serviceable drugs, and was hard put to it to find suitable substitutes. Then I had a number of cases for minor surgery, abscesses, a dislocated shoulder to set, tooth pulling, etc. The knowledge I had acquired during my brief course at Livingstone College stood me in good stead. Without it I

should have been able to do very little; and some of the more serious cases would almost certainly have died. So that I feel my course at Livingstone was a good investment, even if I never have such calls made upon me again. Before I left the island the health of the people was in a much better condition. Most of the serious cases were well or convalescent. The people were getting better shelter in their temporary houses or huts; and we had thoroughly cleaned out and covered in the principal public supply of water.

I returned by the schooner *Huanui* on February 7, having a much more pleasant trip than on the way up from Rarotonga. The *Huanui* brought news that the hurricane had visited Manihiki and Rakahanga, two of our small islands to the north. At Manihiki the island was swept by a tidal wave, which destroyed the whole village, church, school, and mission buildings included. The people were saved by taking refuge in their large boats in the central lagoon. Supplies have now reached them, but their condition is somewhat serious from lack of fresh water and scarcity of food.

On my return to Rarotonga I saw the Resident Commissioner and the Chief Medical Officer, and reported the condition of Aitutaki. The *Huanui* has now left again, taking the second doctor and a supply of drugs and provisions. She will visit Aitutaki, and afterwards the other southern and eastern islands, Mauke, Mitiaro, Atiu, Manuai.

Rarotonga and Mangaia escaped serious injury. Both had a stiff blow and a high sea, but they were on the very edge of the hurricane's course, and so came off lightly.

I am sorry this article has reached such proportions that I cannot tell you much about the work in Aitutaki this time. Fortunately one does not have a hurricane to write about often. Before I left the island, the people of the village of Tautu had almost completed a small wood and iron church, built out of the ruins of the old church. At Vaipae preparations were being made to rebuild the church. It will, however, be some years before the island is restored to its former prosperity.

There was much in the church life at Aitutaki to grieve one's heart. But I had several special meetings with the young men, from which I hope for good results. Then, too, the hurricane gave opportunity for emphasising our dependence upon God, and His claims upon us. I know you will all join to pray that to the people of Aitutaki this visitation may prove a blessing in disguise.

On the Road in India

By
W. H. Somervell

WE have seen Bellary, Cuddapah, Kamalapuram, Jammalamadugu, Gooty, and Kadiri. We have been met everywhere with a heart-warming welcome from our missionary friends, who have spared no pains, or thought, or effort to make our journey as comfortable and as effective as possible. We have dawdled in slow Indian trains, and jolted in even slower bull-waggon through the warm Indian night, or arrived in the honours of the local judge's brougham, but in every case the arrival has been to a hospitable home.

There are, of course, certain features which are common to every such visit. The meeting with the Christian congregation—usually accompanied with lyrics and garlands, according to the pretty Indian custom—the inspection of schools, and buildings, and the meeting with leaders among the Indian workers. These last are invariably gatherings of special interest, and sometimes of real encouragement, as in the Kadiri meeting. On these occasions we have the invaluable help of Mr. K. T.

Paul, a well-known Indian Christian leader and secretary of their National Missionary Society. He has acted as interpreter, and has in every way proved himself to us a wise counsellor, to the Indian Church a loyal supporter, and to all a brother beloved.

Where time allows we have visited some of the village congregations, and on Sunday last from Jammalamadugu I drove Mr. Hickling to a village across the wide sandy bed of a rapidly falling river. Ours was a Mala (outcaste) congregation outside the ancient gate of the once-fortified caste village. The school chapel is not imposing—a thatched hut, measuring 18 ft. by 10 ft., with a square hole in the wall at each end, the roof borne on a light beam supported in the middle on the fork of a crooked branch which forms the building's central

pillar. The furniture consists of a small table in front of a stone seat for the preacher, and we were told that, all complete, an ecclesiastical building of this type costs something under £3. Ranged on the floor was the congregation, exceptionally short of men, who are usually present in good numbers, but were at this time away in Mysore State, engaged on public works. Behind the few men were the women, decently clad and orderly, and in the front were the boys and girls in various stages of attire.



Photo by

On the Road

[W. H. Somervell

(Mrs. Lenwood is in the rickshaw)

The first item was the examination of the school registers in the presence of the teacher who is responsible for the intellectual and spiritual guidance of these primitive people for the seven days of the week. Then came the service, the singing of lyrics with that curiously stirring and seductive swing which makes the indigenous music of the country so valuable in church worship. Here, perhaps, the adjectives would not strictly apply! For sermon, I told them a long story, translated, with many embellishments no doubt, by Mr. Hickling, who is something of a genius at strange tongues. Seated in the middle, just behind the prop, was a woman to whom it was a delight to speak. She seemed to be anticipating every word in her interested eagerness, and among the comparative life-

lessness of the others her face would be an inspiration to any preacher. I am told it is so in many of these village congregations. There are two or three quickened souls and intelligences who seem to have the real hunger and thirst for the Bread and the Water of Life. At the close of the service the boys of the school were examined by Mr. Hickling, much to the interest of the grown folk, and then we came away. This was a specimen of one of the more backward of our village congregations. By another gate were the caste people, with their hearts and minds still closed; here were the Mala folk, with slow hearts and dark minds, but

at any rate they are not closed, and here and there among them the true light shines, and probably there is no heart to which some ray does not reach.

But I have wandered far from our programme, of which by far the most important feature is the meeting of the deputation with each missionary individually for inquiry and consultation. These meetings involve many an hour of most valuable talk, and culminated, before we say good-bye to the station, in a united conference with missionaries and their wives on the impressions of the visit. Then—adieu, and the road or rail once more.

Miniatures

SHE walked erect, though eighty summers had passed since she first saw the light, and the brilliant dazzling sunshine made her white hair appear as a silver halo encircling her wrinkled face.

But as she stepped through the gateway and passed out of the Malagasy village, one could not help noticing her stately grace, though her clothing was poor and scanty. Was she not of noble birth? Was she not the eldest representative of the only family of royal blood living in that little town of 2,000 inhabitants! We who knew her had often heard of the great number of slaves owned in former days by her father and her husband, some of whom, since the emancipation, chose rather to live with the lady of gentle birth in willing service than to go away free. The townsfolk greeted her with the special salutation reserved only for those of noble descent, as we passed through group after group; and as we neared the mission compound, the young missionary, lately arrived, and knowing nothing of all this, asked in halting words, "And whose slave were you in former days?" The old lady, undisturbed, turned her shining face to the new-comer, and in quiet tones replied, "*I was the slave of sin, now I'm the slave of God.*" *Since then she has gone to meet her Master in glory.*

The huge plain, many miles in extent, which lies round about Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar, has been for several weeks past one vast lake—owing to the terrific rains which have flooded the land this season.

Several people have been drowned, great numbers of homes have been destroyed, and the crocodiles from the rivers are dangerously near human habitations.

By Mrs. Robert Griffith, of Madagascar

Walls and batteries are falling in all parts of the city. One European had the unique experience, as he lay in bed, of seeing the chairs, boxes, and chest of drawers at the farther side of his room disappear, as half his house fell with a crash, he himself being miraculously saved.

The rice grown on the submerged plain usually provides food for nearly 500,000 people. It is feared the crop now under flood will be lost, in which case the Malagasy in Imerina will doubtless be in want later on.

* * *

The Martyr Memorial Church of Faravohitra is built on the spot in the capital where in 1849 three noblemen and one woman of noble family were burnt alive for their Christian faith, by the heathen queen.

This church is called the "mother church" of the district of Faravohitra. In the district are fifty churches, some quite small village Bethels, others solid buildings, accommodating 200 people or more. The congregations meeting in these village chapels have decided to support two native evangelists to work among the still heathen tribe of the Bezanozano.

In the "mother church" and in some of the district churches there are trained pastors who are supported by the congregations.

The women of the Dorcas Society at the mother church meet every Tuesday afternoon, and at Christmas time distribute garments among the poor. Twice a year they also sell much of their needlework, and the money thus obtained is given to the Native Missionary Society at work in the heathen parts of the land. Six months ago the women began an all-day Dorcas on the first Tuesday in each month. Those who are free meet at ten, and work away all day long, cooking their rice at the chapel, so great is their zeal.

Little Grains of Sand

By
Wilson H. Geller

WRITING of the new church which is in course of erection at Siaokan, Mr. Geller relates the following interesting and significant incident.

"One morning, as I was seeing that the foundations were 'well and truly laid,' three little boys came along and stood near me. They were scholars in our school, and I spoke to them about the church, and told them of the debt of \$1,700 still to be raised, asking if they couldn't do something to help. They laughed heartily at what they supposed was my joke, but I reminded them that 'chi shao ch'en to' (if we take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves), and suggested that they should go without their sweets and peanuts for a time, and give the amount saved to the building fund. That was even funnier still, and they went away grinning from ear to ear. Two months and more had passed, and I had almost forgotten the incident, when last Friday the father called on me and said that these boys had talked the matter over at home, and had resolved to follow up my suggestion. Each morning since they had done without their usual early morning breakfast, and gone hungry to school. The amount thus saved was 1,500 cash (about 2s. 3d.), which the father very proudly gave me for the church. He, himself, though by no means a wealthy man, promises 10 Taels per annum for five years.

"There have been not a few similar gifts, and when we meet in the completed church many in the congregation will feel that it is the outcome of their own gifts, and in a special sense their own.

"Not many weeks back I was waited on by a deputation of the nurses from the Women's Hospital. To help the funds they had undertaken some needlework, which Mrs. Fowler had sent to England to be sold. With much pride they brought me the resultant cheque, drawn for £1 15s.

"I have been much interested in observing what a large part *sand* plays in the building of such a solid structure.

"Already some 4,000 cwt. of sand from the



Photo by

[Wilson H. Geller]

The Three Scholars

bed of the Siaokan river have been used. Mixed with lime and water in due proportion it serves to bind together the bricks, making solid masonry. Used with cement and broken granite it takes a most honourable part, forming a substantial and handsome plinth on which the walls may rest securely. In the same way it is made into key-stones for the Gothic arches.

"Yes! at the very apex of the great arch that spans the apse there sits enthroned the erstwhile despised and valueless sand from the river-side. The shifting has become the immovable; the treacherous has been made more reliable than stone.

"Which things are a parable. The House of God has room for all; and by His grace and power some who are last and least, despised as of little use, shall yet be first of all, and highest of all.

"And the like is true of all God-inspired work and service. No matter how trivial the effort, or how useless apparently, it will find its place at last."

Among the Cuddapah Villages

WE have taken isolated snapshots from a recent letter received from Miss M. R. Bennett of Jammalamadugu, S. India.

CHARGALARU.

This morning we visited the village of Chargalaru, where there is a mission school for Sudra boys. Many years ago a missionary entering this village saw the Reddi and his clerk sitting under a tree and gave them a tract. It so happened that these two had just been arranging to take a bribe, but reading the tract the Reddi's conscience smote him, he began to inquire about the things of Christ, and in the end was baptized. In this way Christianity first took root in this part of the district.

GOLAGUDUR.

After breakfast a Christian schoolmaster came to see us and we had a long talk. Among other things he told us an interesting story of a young Christian Sudra who has gone for training as a teacher in a Government college. At first the students welcomed him to the hostel, not knowing he was a Christian, but when that fact came out they refused to let him eat with them and he has had a rather hard time, but is continuing his studies there, although compelled to eat in a place by himself.

ATZAVELLI.

Among the crowd was an old merchant with a tiny child in his arms. One and another were talking, when we suddenly became aware that the old man was telling, very simply and beautifully, the story of Christ blessing the children, and when we asked where he had learned it he said he



Jammalamadugu Biblewomen starting on a Journey

had a Bible and read it.

I went to the village again and visited two or three more houses, including that of the old merchant referred to yesterday. I got him to tell his story again. He seems to have a beautiful spirit. Whilst there one of the Biblewomen called out to a woman, "Put that down and come," and immediately the old man said quietly, "That is just what we must do with the burden of sin." And this man, remember, is not a

Christian, at least not openly.

MADUR.

Returning to the tent we had a talk with the teacher from a neighbouring village, and then old Sesiah, from Atzavelli, came with his grandson to hand over some jewels which he wants us to keep for the lad, and also to talk over the problem of finding him a wife. This question of marriage is becoming a serious problem among our Sudra Christians. They have not altogether broken caste, and when it comes to a question of marriage most of them refuse to give their daughters to any one of even a slightly different caste, although both may be baptized Christians. We hardly feel that they can be expected to marry Mala girls, for though the girl herself may be educated, her relatives probably are not, and out here the family stands for so much. We do wish, however, that the caste converts were willing to intermarry among themselves.

The circumstances in which these isolated pictures happen may be fully understood by reading "The Outcastes' Hope," by Godfrey Phillips, 1s. net, 1s. 3d. post free, and "South India," by W. Bolton (L.M.S. Handbooks), 6d. net.

The Society has 46 European women missionaries in India, and 555 native Biblewomen and female teachers.

One Small Sign Mental Growth and Spiritual Freedom at Tiger Kloof

From Rev. W. C. Willoughby

AFRICAN children are as imitative and inventive as are children of other races. They are fond of making clay oxen and toy wagons, and of playing at keeping house and being chiefs. And yet the adult African produces no imaginative literature and appears almost destitute of creative art.

Some of us have confidently expected the appearance of creative work that is distinctly African. The imaginative and creative side of African character has been blighted, we have thought, when the African emerges

do not really study the native, are constantly cheering the worker with a promise of ultimate success.

From Mr. F. Benson Harrison,
Accountant and Teacher of Office
Work at Tiger Kloof

I WAS asked to take the chair at the "Literary and Debating Society" on Saturday night last, and the proceedings were of such an unexpected character that I think you will be interested in an account of them.

I was told that the debate was on the advisability of levying a poll-tax on unmarried native men, and looked for a rather dry and stereotyped discussion, with, of course, a considerable amount of opposition to the proposal. The meeting had not proceeded far, however, before I saw that the whole affair was a play—a farce; and it was carried out in this spirit to the end, everybody who took part falling into the humour of the meeting and contributing to the fun.

The opener (Jacob Haai), transported us to the place of tribal assembly at Mafeking,

of which we all became members. He was an Ambassador from the South African Government and had been sent to propose that the existing taxation of natives should be modified, and instead of all married men paying 15s. per annum, all males over the age of sixteen years should pay 10s. per annum. Any man having more than three sons should pay half this amount for himself and for each of his sons. He most plausibly told of the interest of the Government in the natives, and how the wish was to make things easier for them.

On the Ambassador resuming his seat, another member rose as if he were a member of the tribe at Mafeking, and objected most strenuously to the proposed alterations. He was an old, old man. He had known the Ambassador from his boyhood, and known him to be a rascal who had been turned out of his tribe for misdemeanour some time



A Class-room at Tiger Kloof

from childhood and enters into his tribal inheritance of a dominant spiritual dread. He learns then that "customs" have been inherited from his ancestors, and that to vary them is to incur the wrath of the ancestral spirits, and thus bring trouble upon his village and himself. We have believed that in proportion as we can set him free from this dominant spiritual dread, so will the imaginative and creative qualities of his childhood find their natural fruition in the pursuits of manhood and thus contribute to the general progress of the race.

The meeting which Mr. Harrison refers to in his report was devised and carried through by the members of the Literary and Debating Society, who are native youths of an average age of twenty or twenty-one. It is one of those small signs of character-growth that are increasingly plentiful, and, though apt to be overlooked by those who

ago; and he would like to know the secret of the Ambassador's present intimacy with the Government. The old man was the father of ten sons, all over the age of sixteen, and was it thought that he was going to pay 55s. instead of his present tax of 15s. a year? Not likely!

Others spoke in quick succession. All were the fathers of from three to ten sons and thought the proposed alteration iniquitous. The Ambassador had spoken of the interest of the Government in those who went to the mines, and this brought forth scathing remarks from some of the speakers. One poor father (!) had two sons who had left for the mines two years ago and had never returned. This was told most pathetically, but was too much for the gravity of those present, and tears were turned to laughter!

One speaker had travelled with the Ambassador recently, and the latter had lent him a book to read. On opening the book the speaker found a letter addressed to the

Ambassador, and confessed without a blush that he had read it! This letter was from the Government offering a farm to the Ambassador if he could succeed in bringing the natives of Mafeking to accept the new tax. There was duplicity for you! Another one had been approached by the Ambassador and asked to join him in his efforts and share in the reward. Altogether the Ambassador and the Government had a very warm time.

What surprised me was the humour, originality, and inventiveness of the boys. I had never experienced anything like this in my previous knowledge of them. It is often said that the natives are "parrots" and "monkeys" for imitation, but I do not know where they could have seen a precedent for this meeting or from whom they could have copied. I have not really done justice to all that took place.

Is this something new in the evolution of the native, or is it a common characteristic which is only new to me?



What the People at Home Want to Know

A POINT of real importance has been raised by a missionary on the field, who puts it in this way:

"For considerable periods we are working in more or less isolated fields and have not time and opportunity to watch the attitude of the Home Churches towards Mission Work.

"Then we go on furlough, and almost at once start a round of Deputation work amongst the churches. We do what we can to interest those we meet in the work in general and in that part of it specially in which we have been engaged. But we feel during the first few months at least out of touch with our audiences. I am sure we often tell them much which they already know, and labour to meet objections which have now passed out of date.

"In short, we do not know the people, their needs, or their difficulties.

"One often finds in conversation that he has failed to answer some question on which they had expected enlightenment. Sometimes indeed we have discovered the impression that some aspect of our work is indefensible or some expense unjustifiable, not being aware that any question existed on the point."

The writer suggests that much of this difficulty would be avoided if the missionaries could be told what the people at home want to know with regard to the foreign field, to the plans of the Society, the basis and justification of Missions. We hope that many to whom the subject is interesting will send up a list of questions, which should not exceed twelve from each sender.

A Madagascar Veteran

ON March 23 the Rev. Benjamin Briggs passed to the higher service, after a painful illness borne with exemplary courage and fortitude. His last conscious act, as he lay on his death-bed, was to point to a picture of Christ which hung on the wall near by. His last conscious words were "Christ; Christ; Christ." For him Christ was "the end," for Christ was "the beginning." Mr. Briggs was one of the band of able and consecrated missionaries which the L.M.S. sent out to Madagascar in the 'sixties, after the island was reopened to missionary effort on the death of the persecuting Queen Ranavalona I. He was born at Idle in Yorkshire in 1837, and received his theological training at Airedale College. He was appointed to Madagascar in 1863, and on his arrival there took the oversight of the church at Ampamariniana and of the country churches connected with it. A temporary chapel was opened on the narrow platform close to the edge of the rocky precipice 400 feet deep, down which in 1849 fourteen Christian martyrs were hurled. Ten years later a spacious stone Martyr Memorial Church was erected on the site.



Rev. B. Briggs

Mr. Briggs remained in charge of this church and district for forty years, and was instrumental in building up a strong missionary work. He was ably seconded in his efforts by his devoted wife and daughter (now Mrs. Currie, the wife of an F.F.M.A. missionary in Tananarive), and also by the native pastor Joseph Andrianaivoravelona, an eloquent preacher often called "the Spurgeon of Madagascar." It is from this church that several of the present Malagasy Christian leaders have come. At one time there were about

fifty country churches associated with it, but by a redistribution of work in later years the number was reduced to twenty-seven.

The recent Deputation to Madagascar had abundant evidence of the enduring results of Mr. Briggs's long years of service. He also took part in the revision of the translation of the Scriptures into Malagasy, and was for a long period the Secretary of the District Committee of missionaries. His retirement in 1904 was a great grief to his colleagues and the native Christians amongst whom he had laboured so long and so faithfully.

"As this broken bread was scattered upon the mountains and gathered together became one, so let Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy religion, for Thine is the glory and the power through Jesus Christ for ever."—From "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

Let us give thanks

For the Holy Church—the Body of Christ—scattered throughout the world the best guidance for prayer on the Church as it is to-day will be found in "The Church in the Mission Field" (World Missionary Conference 1910. Commission II, Introduction). [Reprinted in *The Garden of God*—the Popular Report of the L.M.S. 1913.]

For the response of the Church, at home and abroad, to the great need of the Society—and for all the sacrifice and consecration that response reveals and hides. For the great and blessed leadership Dr. Wardlaw Thompson has given under God to His work through the L.M.S. for

over thirty years, and for his continued strength and power. See page 100.

Let us pray

For the Church in the world that it may be gathered into a unity of spirit. [See above prayer from "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."]

For such a continuous and steady increase of support as shall rejoice the hearts of the workers abroad and at home.

For the May Meetings (see p. 100), that the Spirit of God may move in them.

For those who—as Dr. Thompson lays down his burden of office—take on their shoulders the tasks of administration, that they may receive the illumination and strength needed for their work.

A Real Live Missionary Meeting

(Extract from a Letter from a Minister)

"WE had a packed house—great enthusiasm—and cash £165 16s. 11d., £12 of which was given by the children. One servant-maid gave the whole of a month's money, 25s., another friend gave £50—a challenge sum. It has been a great joy and encouragement to me, showing me that the heart of my people is wide open to the farthest needs as well as to the nearest."



How to Kill a Missionary Meeting

TAKE one dimly lighted church parlour at a temperature not to exceed fifty degrees, add a few people—the older the better—drawn together by a strong sense of duty and an apologetic announcement. Begin to stir to slow music or a formal prayer, at from five to twenty minutes late; drop in one at a time, *ad infinitum*, some not over-fresh facts relating to the geography and customs of any mission field. Close up all outlets and let stand, but do not fail to extract a few pennies from each atom present.



Leader and Teacher Training

A UNITED Summer School is being organised by the United Council for Missionary Education, with the object of training leaders of study circles and Sunday-school teachers.

"The Hayes," Swanwick, has been engaged for this purpose from August 8 to 15. The L.M.S. and all other Free Church Missionary Societies are co-operating in the arrangements. This School is designed especially for those who have had some experience in study-circle work, senior, intermediate, and junior, and who desire further training with a view to leadership; and for Sunday-school teachers who are seeking help in the direction of using the missionary material which is now available in Sunday-school work.

Further information may be obtained on application to Rev. Geo. A. Hamson, 8, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Late Col. Pilkington

THE London Missionary Society has lost a lifelong generous friend through the death of Colonel W. W. Pilkington, of St. Helens, whose gift of £500 to the Hundred Thousand Fund was the last manifestation of the large-hearted friendship to the Society, which has been steady and continuous.



Wants

REV. T. C. WITNEY, B.A., of Madras, writes of a young Brahmin Christian student who is about to leave the Theological College at Bangalore for responsible work in the Tamil field, and who is anxious to get copies of "The Expositor" and the "International Review of Missions."

Any friends who kindly undertake to post either or both of these magazines regularly, will render valuable service.

Rev. J. I. Macnair, of Gooty, would be very grateful for any copies of Matthew Henry's Commentary for his assistant pastor and other native evangelists. This Commentary is better suited to Indian use than the more modern ones.

The volumes may be sent by parcel or book post, direct to India.

Rev. W. Cutting, of Penares, would be glad of a second-hand typewriter, which he much needs in his work.

Rev. T. Howard Smith, of Peking, would greatly value some lantern slides; particularly of the life of Christ, Old Testament topics, life of St. Paul, or astronomical, zoological, or scenic slides. The lantern is used in city and country, and invariably attracts crowds.

Rev. Ralph Robertson, of Salem, would be very grateful if any one could send him a Mirrorscope, which would be a most valuable aid in his district and town work. He also greatly needs large Scripture Pictures for open-air preaching.

CLARA BENHAM.



"The Greatest Human I Have Met"

LORD MILNER thus described Stewart of Lovedale, who is the Christian Endeavour Missionary subject for June. We are delighted to announce that the Rev. Cuthbert McEvoy of Cricklewood has written a splendid little biography of Stewart, which will be published (with portrait of Stewart) in the week before Whitsuntide at 2d. net, 2½d. post free. (London Missionary Society, 16, New Bridge Street, E.C.)

Watchers' Band Notes

MY DEAR FELLOW SECRETARIES,

We hope to hold our Annual Meeting in the City Temple on Wednesday, May 13, at 2.30 p.m., when Dr. Selbie has kindly promised to preside and several of our missionaries will speak.

We earnestly hope that secretaries, members and friends will keep the afternoon free for that meeting. There are still some returns which have not come in, and I shall be most grateful to all secretaries who can let me have these without delay.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing many of you at the meetings and praying that the power of the Holy Spirit may be felt in every gathering,

I am, yours very sincerely,

F. E. REEVE.

NEW BRANCHES

TOWN.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Bolton	Kay St. Mission	Mrs. Crossby
Wallasey	Seacombe	Mrs. Ellis
Glasgow	Battlefield	Mrs. C. Robertson
Ongar		Miss R. Latham
Halesworth		Mrs. Beckett



The International Hero

"LIVINGSTONE the Pathfinder" is being translated into Dutch for the Mission Study Council of Holland. The book has also been recommended by the Punjab Text-book Committee for the libraries of Anglo-Vernacular Schools in the Punjab, North India.



Prayer Meetings

THE Monthly Prayer Meeting of the Metropolitan Auxiliary Council will be held at the Mission House on Monday, May 4, at 6 p.m.

A PRAYER Meeting for Women will be held at the Mission House, 16, New Bridge St., E.C., on Wednesday, May 20, at 3.30 p.m.

Brevities

REV. GEORGE WILKINS reports the holding of Livingstone lantern Demonstrations for the Kanarese and Tamil people at Bangalore, and one for 400 English soldiers in camp.

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Glasgow is having a Missionary Exhibition on May 7-9 in the Masonic Hall, 100, West Regent St. All the fields of the L.M.S. will be represented; Mr. A. T. Smith of "The Citizen" Office, Glasgow, is acting as Secretary.

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Dr. Garvie, Principal of New College, has presented to the London Missionary Society the MS. of his book on "The Missionary Obligation in the Light of the Changes in Modern Thought."

The book, which deals with this subject in a very frank and arresting way, will be published through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton at an early date.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Arrivals

Rev. A. T. FOSTER, from PAREYCHALEY, S. INDIA, Feb. 22.
Mrs. E. P. RICE, from BANGALORE, S. INDIA, March 19.
Miss EMMA FOGGITT, from SHANGHAI, CHINA, March 28.
Mrs. W. HINKLEY and daughter, from ANANTAPUR, S. INDIA, March 28.
Miss ETHEL ORGANE, from HANKOW, CHINA, April 5.
Mrs. BAXTER and two children, from CANTON, CHINA, April 10.

Departures

Rev. J. H. and Mrs. CULLEN and two daughters, appointed to NIUE, SOUTH SEAS, per steamer *Orvielo*, March 13.
Mr. H. T. and Mrs. WILLS, returning to TRIVANDRUM, S. INDIA, per steamer *Scharnhorst*, via GENOA, March 14.
Rev. J. S. and Mrs. WASSON, appointed to HWANG-PEI, CHINA, via SIBERIA, April 5.

Births

KINNERSLEY.—On March 13, at Apia, Samoa, South Seas, to the Rev. and Mrs. Conrad J. Kinnnersley, a son. (By cable.)
PHILLIPS.—On March 16, at Amoy, to the Rev. L. G. and Mrs. Phillips, a son. (By cable.)

Marriage

ROBERTSON—EAGAN.—On February 11, at Union Church, Coonoor, by the Rev. H. G. Hercus and the Rev. C. G. Marshall, Ralph Robertson, of Salem, to Bertha Doris Eagan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eagan.

Deaths

BRIGGS.—On March 23, at Royston, the Rev. Benjamin Briggs, formerly of Madagascar (1863-1904), aged 76.
WILSON.—On March 23, at Belfast, Isabel Middleton, wife of the Rev. A. W. Wilson of Georgetown, Demerara.
INGRAM.—On March 26, at Clacton-on-Sea, the Rev. Thomas William Ingram, formerly of Papua (1894-5), aged 48.

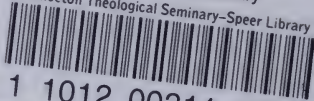
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